

Ruth Baldry

Vox Fluminis

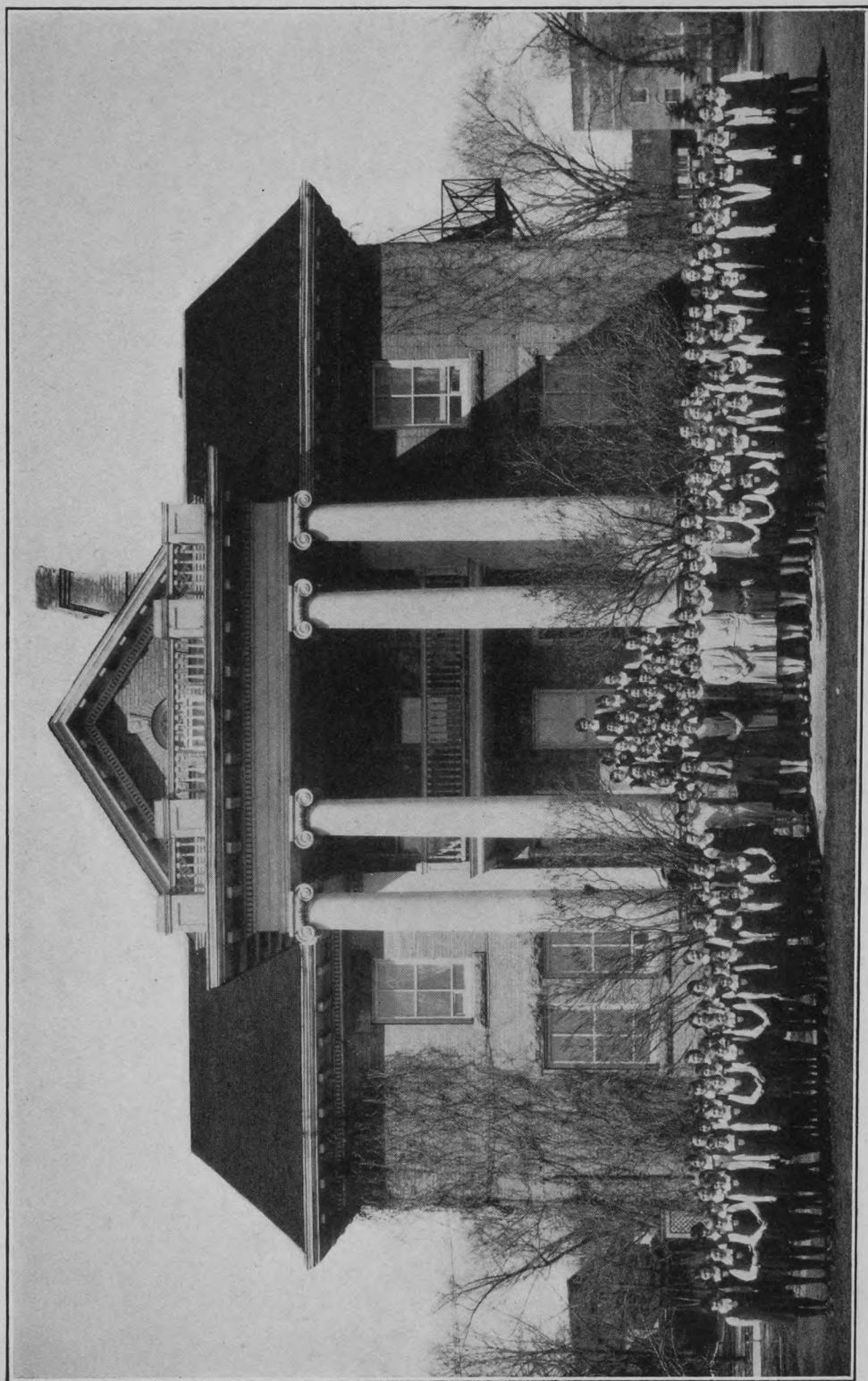


1930

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VOX FLUMINIS

RIVERBEND
SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
WINNIPEG



Riverbend School, 1930

ENVOI

During the second Riverbend term, someone spoke of a school magazine. The idea developed and soon the problem arose of choosing a title. "Vox Fluminis," "the voice of the river," seemed the right one because it reminds us of our own winding river whose voice will never be silent. We hope that its volume will grow with time, and that you who know it will find the sound pleasant, as it runs this venturesome first course.



MISS JOAN M. V. FOSTER

Principal

Joan M. V. Foster.

Riverbend School,
Spring, 1930.

My Dear Girls:

De Quincey, a noted English author, has said that we never do anything consciously for the last time without regret. The first time is equally significant and I wonder as I write this first letter to you what are the feelings which it arouses. Anticipation, I think, mingled with a certain amount of nervousness, lest we, who are in our first actions establishing the traditions of Riverbend School, may not be worthy of the trust. As I told you the first morning at prayers it is with you that the future of the school rests. It is you who will form its ideals and make the history from which it will draw its traditions, who will make the name of "Riverbend" one of which to be proud because of what you do and are.

What a number of things we have done for the first time this year! The story of them, as it appears in this, your first school magazine, makes me very proud. "Vox Fluminis" is itself no small achievement and you are entitled to a real glow of satisfaction that you have been able to produce in this your first year so worthy a record of your deeds. May "Vox Fluminis"—the voice of that river which contributes so much to the beautiful surroundings in which we live, and now your voice as Riverbend School—have a long and prosperous career.

Just before I came in to write to you I was walking outside in our beautiful grounds and I felt then, as I know you all feel and as many visitors have told me, how lucky we are to have such a lovely home—for surroundings do make a great difference to one's happiness and well-being. Now this brings me to something of the history of the school. Primarily we owe our existence to the vision and generosity of Sir James Aikins, who by his will provided an endowment for the school. The house which he built and in which he lived—called "Riverbend"—is our main building. Since then very busy men and women, who could only by a sacrifice of themselves spare the time, have worked hard that his ideal of a school might be fulfilled. You can perhaps realize how much effort the school has cost when I tell you that a year ago I was in Ottawa, looking forward to working most of the summer there! In August I arrived to begin seriously to get the school ready for you and those were the days when Mrs. Munroe, Miss Fairbairn and I lived in the Senior house. Grade VIII. room was my office, Grade XI. was Miss Fairbairn's and we had just enough chairs to go around, while even some of those were borrowed.

There is one thing more which I do want to say to you and I'm afraid perhaps it may have all too familiar a ring. You know it is often said now that education consists not so much in the acquisition of knowledge but in the building of character. Of course that is true; for knowledge of itself can be and is only a danger. At the same time, however, I want you to realize that your main "job" at the moment is your school work and no one ever built up character by neglecting his or her work. Scholarship, for which you are training, can give real joy, and there is nothing greater than the thrill of conquering something really difficult.

There only remains for me now to assure you, both individually and as a school, of my most affectionate interest. You were first introduced to me as so many names, typed on cards in a card catalogue, and often in those days of August and September, which now seem so far off, I used to try to imagine what you would be like. One of the most interesting things about you is your "infinite variety!" But may I sign myself to you all with all sincerity,

Yours affectionately,

JOAN M. V. FOSTER.



Baseball



The Kindergarten

KINDERGARTEN POEMS

When the moon is high
That is the time for bye.
When the sun is high
That is the time for play.

—Drucilla Ashdown,
Kindergarten.

Horse in the barn,
Horse come out,
Your little colt
Is running about.

—Lorna Aikins,
Kindergarten.

Jack Spratt had a cat,
And his cat caught a rat,
And this rat curled up on a mat
And that was the end of little
Jack Spratt.

—Rosamond Esling,
Kindergarten.

Poor Mr. Rooster,
Has nothing to do
But sit on the chimney
And cock-a-doodle-do.

—John T. McKinnon,
Kindergarten.

Bunny, bunny, go in your hutch,
Bunny, bunny, you hop too much.
Bunny, bunny, sit in the sun,
Bunny, bunny, do have some fun.

—Rosamond Esling,
Kindergarten.

CANDY COUNTER

Once there was a princess who lived in a large castle on the edge of the great plain called Fairyland. One day as she was wandering through the green forest that surrounded her home, she saw a beautiful, large, pink flower; seated on it was a tiny little creature, all dressed in pink. After a minute examination the Princess Lavender decided that it must be a fairy. Although she had lived in Fairyland all her life she had never seen one of these dainty creatures before.

"Hello, Lavender," the fairy piped.

"Hello," the princess answered doubtfully.

"Would you like to come with me to the land beyond?" the fairy asked.

"Yes, I'd love to, but how do you get there?" asked Lavender. The fairy picked a petal off the flower and told Lavender to rub it on her hands. Instantly she found herself sailing through the air with the fairy on her shoulder.

"Where are we going?" she heard herself ask the fairy.

"To-day we will go to Candy Counter," the fairy replied.

In a few minutes the forest was left behind and Lavender could see the grass appeared greener, and everything brighter than it had been before. Now they seemed to be dropping and in a second they landed on the ground.

Everything about them was candy! The earth was chocolate and the grass was flavored peppermint. In an instant Lavender was sampling all the candy! The leaves of the trees were spearmint and the bark was milk-chocolate. Mm! but it was good. The princess ate and ate.

They walked on. Here and there they came upon flowers all made of different flavors of candy. They came upon a river that was made of chocolate sauce and to cross it you walked on stepping stones that were large gum-drops.

A little while after this they saw something coming towards them.

"Why, it's a man!" cried Lavender. As he came closer, they saw that he too was made of candy. His body was made of licorice and he had a chocolate cream for a mouth, a large, red gum-drop for a nose, and two little blue candies for eyes. Altogether he was a beautiful man and as Lavender ran up to him he took out a tin and powdered himself carefully with sugar, then held out his hand and shook hands with Lavender.

At first the princess was tempted to eat him but when she saw how nice he was she picked up a chocolate pebble instead.

By this time she was getting tired of eating candy and began to stop tasting every tree she came to. She found herself getting weary and so she lay down on the ground but found the grass so prickly and hard that she got up again. The little fairy said:

"Lavender, have you had enough of Candy Counter for to-day?"

Lavender answered quickly, "Oh, yes! I'm so tired!"

Why! What was this? Here she was back in the forest, just a little way from the castle. She looked around for the fairy, but found she was alone.

Lavender sighed, "I'll never eat another candy,"—but she knew that she would.

—Ruth McFarlane, Grade IX.

THE SCARECROW

The scarecrow high upon the hill,
Always stands so straight and still.
He wears the farmer's old black hat,
And he is stuffed to look quite fat.
The farmer's wife gave him a coat
In which his figure seems to float.
Upon his hands he wears white gloves—
To peck at these the birds all love.
By day he looks so black and grim
The children are half afraid of him.
But crows and sparrows have no fear—
They laugh and mock for him to hear;
And right in front of him they fly
Although he bears a gun on high;
They steal and rob the farmer's grain
Until he's driven quite insane.
But though by day he suffers shame,
And all the birds of him make game,
At night he comes into his own—
Stands like a king beside his throne.
For the crows and sparrows have gone to nest,
He's triumphant at last when they're at rest.

—Muriel Neilson,
Grade X.



LA PLAGE

Je suis une mouette. Je vole sur la plage et je vois beaucoup de monde. Ils sont tres grands. Je vole ensuite sur les grands bateaux mais j'ai peur des personnes. Je vois des personnes sur la plage. Des gens se baignent, des femmes regardent la mer. Le pecheur tire ses filets, un petit garçon regarde le pecheur. Il y une mère sous la tente, elle tricote un bas, et son petit fils est tres content parce qu'il fait des chateaux avec le sable. Il y a un grand chien sur la plage aujourd'hui. Quelquefois je vole sous les nuages dans le ciel bleu.

—Margaret Keith, Grade VIII.

SEA CHEST

It was an old sea chest,
Found in a pirate's hold;
The silks and priceless treasures
Were mingled with Spanish gold.

Jewels glistened in the corners,
Rubies, sapphires and pearls—
Shining rainbows of colour,
When flags on galleys unfurled.

Priceless silks and spices,
Musty treasures of war,
Hid in the sea-worn chest,
Found on the bleak sea shore.

—Isabelle Hill,
Grade XII.



"The Pyramid"

JUNIOR MUSICAL CLUB

This year we had the privilege of hearing several of Winnipeg's outstanding artists.

Mrs. Arthur Henderson delighted everyone with her lovely playing. Her chief number was Schumann's "Carnival" which contains twenty parts. One was able easily to visualize the different characters. Mrs. Henderson caught the spirit of each and reproduced it perfectly to her audience.

Miss Myrtle Ruttan described a lovely holiday in New York, and told us of all the lovely performances she attended. In one of them, a "Musicians Frolic," many celebrated artists and composers took part. Gwen Bowers, of the Lower School, had the honour of presenting Miss Ruttan with a lovely bouquet of flowers.

Mr. Leonard Heaton enthralled us and we were loathe to let him go at the close of his wonderful recital. "Punch and Judy," in particular delighted us. Mr. Stanley Hoban sang many old-world songs of the sea, some of them in the Gaelic tongue.

Mrs. Flora Matheson Golden was a guest artist at the beginning of the season. Miss Stella Boyd assisted Mrs. Henderson at her recital and sang Dvorak's, "Songs My Mother Taught Me," as beautifully as I've ever heard it sung.

Miss Mary F. Robertson arranged a lovely programme in which Mary Bull and Beth Kennedy took part (their contributions were a great credit to our school.)

Mr. Bach explained in great detail the use and mechanism of the pedals in the piano.

These are only a few of the fine programs which we heard throughout the season.

We look forward with pleasure to next year's presentations.

—Betty McHattie.

WANTED—A PLAYMATE

If you know of a little boy
About as old as me;
If he likes to play with toys
And climb a great big tree;
If he wants to be a man—
Or even a pirate bold;
If he wants to sail the world
To hunt for hidden gold;
If he doesn't like little girls
Who think they are so proud,
If he likes to blow a horn
And make it sound out loud;
If he plays with puppy dogs

And picks up green and squirming
frogs,
If he likes small pussy cats,
And in his room keeps big white rats,
If he plays at armies on the floor
And does not cry when hurt or sore;
If he wants to drive a rattling tram—
Then he's just like what I am.
Do you know a boy who'll come and be
A pal of mine to play with me?
He can batter my drum with an awful
din,
So long as he'll come to be my twin.

—Muriel Neilson,
Grade X.

THE TRIAL OF JOHNNIE JONES

Every Monday morning in the first period Miss Fairbairn teaches Hygiene to Grades V. and VI. Once she read us a play called "The Trial of Johnnie Jones."

"One lovely morning Johnnie Jones, found wandering around the palace gates after ten, was on trial before the King and Queen for breaking the bedtime rule. General Bath-tub charged him with not having a complete bath during March and April. Many friends including vegetables, fruits, cereals, milk, bread and butter, sunshine and exercise gave a good report of him. Since he had more friends than enemies he was allowed to be freed on promising that he would obey in future all health regulations."

It was decided we would act this play: the cast was chosen as follows:

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>King Joy</i> | Claudia Barton |
| <i>Queen Happiness</i> | Mary McLean |
| <i>Royal Prosecutor</i> | M. Aldous |
| <i>Johnnie Jones</i> | M. Fenton |
| <i>Heralds</i> | D. McLean, C. Jeffries, I. Hutchinson |
| <i>Lady Spinach</i> | B. MacKay |
| <i>Lord Tom Potato</i> | N. Morgan |
| <i>Mr. B. B. Butter</i> | Betty Reed |
| <i>Mrs. B. B. Butter</i> | Moyra Coutts |
| <i>Sir J. C. Beet</i> | L. Counsell |
| <i>General Bath-tub</i> | K. Hall |
| <i>Major Weight</i> | W. Davidson |
| <i>Acrobatics</i> | F. Teakles, N. Morgan, K. Hall |
| <i>Tooth Brush Twins</i> | Marion Haig, V. Keeler |

The play was performed on Wednesday, April 2nd, during study hour. Miss Foster and Grades VII. and VIII. were present.

NIGHT

The stars shone bright in the blue-
black sky,
Blurred images in the rippling stream,
And from near by came the wild duck's
cry,

And echoing from the marsh it seemed,
A thousand night birds took up the
plaintive melody.

—Gloria Stuart,
Grade X.

THE WIND

There was a little wind in the city of York. It was still a very little wind, so it was not old enough to be rough, but still it could be naughty. This day it was very naughty. When it was in the city it went running down the streets, knocking off people's hats while it went along. This was great fun. In a corner there sat an old man. He looked so feeble that the little wind thought that he would put some fun into him. He caught hold of his scarf and started to pull it. The man looked round for help, the little wind looked too but as he saw none he kept on pulling. In another minute the wind would have won, if a little girl had not come out of a store. "Oh, Grandpa," she cried "I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

As she said this she started to put his scarf back into its place. The wind now saw that he had no chance to win, so it went away and left them alone.

Before long he came to the country. Here there was no one to tease, but he liked to see how many daisies he could break down in one puff. The daisies were very silly, thought the wind, because they would just bend down and let it pass over.

Before night it was tired and went peacefully on its way.

—Constance O'Grady, Grade VII.

In Miss Foster's History class.

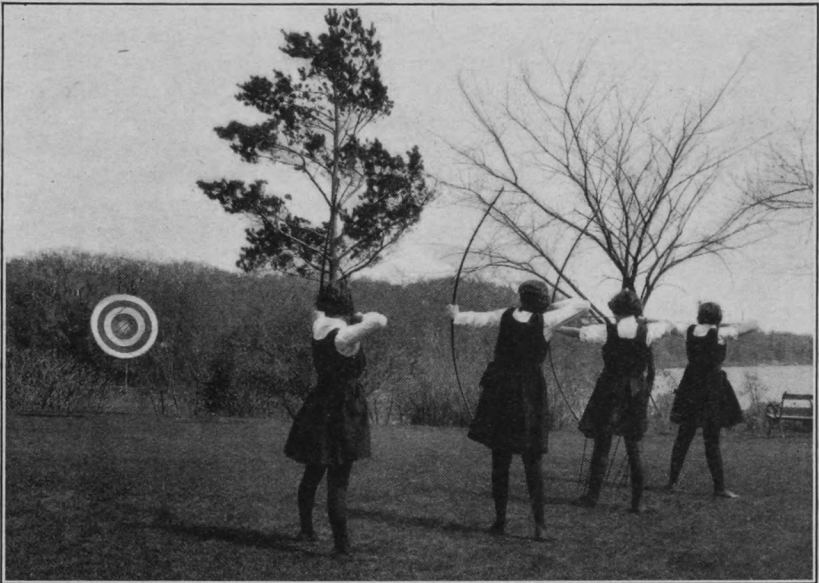
Margaret Leney—"Was it in 1426 that Peel repealed the corn laws?"

Ruth—"Don't be silly, that was before Napoleon discovered America."

SKATING AND SKIING

Early in December two rinks were flooded, one on the badminton court and one behind the house on a large patch of ground facing the street. Two slides were made and every day long lines of girls wrapped in large sweaters, and wearing many pairs of stockings could be seen on their way to the rinks or to the garage to get toboggans.

These slides were very thrilling and there were races every day to see how fast toboggans could go. Miss Fairbairn instructed the braver girls and members of the staff in the art of skiing. Many became quite proficient.



Archery Practice

Sally Coyne

UNE LETTRE

2 bis, Rue du Parc,
Meudon, Seine.

Chère Mère,

Je suis arrivée a Meudon a neuf heures ce matin et tante Louise m'a emmené chez elle tout de suite. Sa maison est très grande and très jolie. Elle a un grand jardin qui a beaucoup de jolies fleurs et beaucoup de grands arbres.

Mes cousins sont très bons pour moi. Je les aime beaucoup. Pierre a trois ans et sa soeur, Marie, a deux ans. La bebe a neuf mois, et elle est très jolie.

Dites mille choses de ma part a la famille.

—Sally Coyne,
Grade IX.

PARTIES

Halloween Party.—The first party at Riverbend was given on October 31. It was a Hallowe'en party so everyone came in costume. As the girls stood about, everyone tense with excitement and expectation, there was a sound of footsteps, and all eyes turned to the stairway. A new boarder wearing her Riverbend tunic was coming down, and with her several other strangers. How excited everyone was; and then we were introduced to Jemima Jones (Miss Foster), her Mother (Miss Ford), her Father (Miss Mackereth), and a young admirer (Miss Fairbairn.)

The girls followed their new acquaintances into the dining-room, where grinning Jack-o-Lanterns gave a weird Hallowe'en feeling. The table was prettily decorated with orange and black streamers, and appropriate place cards and favors. After a memorable chicken dinner, the girls left the dining-room, and the costumes were displayed in a parade. Then Jemima Jones presented the prizes,—one to a very stout fairy-like person (Dot McGavin), and another to a little black cat (Elsa Lehmann).

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, and at 10.30 the girls unwillingly said goodnight. All agreed that our first party had been a great success.

—Jean Robertson.

VALENTINE'S PARTY

Grades VII., VIII. and IX., entertained Grades X., XI. and XII., at a Valentine's party in February. Many of the guests came dressed as children in huge hairbows and with lollypops.

Grade VII. put on a play—"The Princess and the Swineherd" adapted from Hans Anderson's Fairy Tale. This was very well acted. Every character played her part well. The principal characters were:

Princess—Played by Constance O'Grady.

The Swineherd—Patty Collard.

The King—Grace McCurdy.

Grade VIII. showed many amusing skits, some scenes from court life, and others of children at play. Ona Dix and Margaret McKeag presided as King and Queen.

Grade IX. put on a charade, "Education." The first act consisted of songs sung by Margaret Maclean and Shelagh Cooney who were dressed as two sophisticated young men. In the second act two old women, dressed in the clothes of a former generation, gossiped about their days in Riverbend. The third and fourth act showed glimpses of classroom life in French and Scripture periods.

Supper was served about ten o'clock from a prettily set table decorated with long green candles. Shortly afterwards the dancing was over—and the first party given by the Junior House came to an end.

—Isabelle Hill.

ROBIN HOOD

Oh! Robin Hood, so brave and bold,
Who now has you in his hold?
Where is Little John so bold and tall?
Is he feasting in the hall?

Where is Maid Marion so fair?
Is she in your bower, combing her hair?
Where is the sheriff who thinks he's so
bold?
Is he yet in your hold?

Oh! Robin Hood, did you mourn when
you were old?
Was it for your merry men so bold?
Or the silver mixed with the gold?
Was it because of Maid Marion so meek
and mild?
Or the last arrow that didn't go wild?

—Grace McCurdy,
Grade VII.

MORNING PRAYER

Happy children greet the morning light.
Father teach us through the coming day.

Singing praises for its glories bright.
How to serve Thee in our work and play.

ISOBEL HUTCHISON, Grade VI.

MORNING PRAYER

Happy children Greet the morning light.
Father teach us through the coming day.

Singing praises for its glories bright.
How to serve Thee in our work and play.

GWEN RAMSAY, Grade IV.

Original compositions by children of Grades IV. and VI. The words, key signature and time signature were given. The melody is original.

OUR CHRISTMAS PLAY

The Junior School put on a little play at Christmas.

The first scene was of the three Kings bringing their gold, myrrh and frankincense which they were going to offer to the Baby Jesus. The three Kings were Claudia Barton, Monica Cave, Betty McKay. They all wore costumes with different colored scarves about their heads.

The next scene was of the Shepherds in the field keeping watch over their flocks when the angels appeared. The leading angel was Gwen Bowers with many other smaller angels following her. The shepherds were Betty Newcombe and Shirley Stewart. The angels wore white dresses with silver bands around their heads.

The third scene was the Virgin Mary and the Baby Jesus, the kings with their gifts, the shepherds and the Spirit of Christianity. Gwen Ramsay was the Virgin Mary.

—Jane Ellis, Grade IV.

THE BASKETBALL (INTER-CLASS) GRADE XI.—X. GAME, FEBRUARY 26

One of the most exciting and amusing games played so far in the inter-class basketball games was played today between Grades XI. and X., this being the final game between those two classes.

At the end of the second period the score was 16-6 in X's favour. The beginning of the third period was very amusing, for the ball seemed to pass back and forth across the floor, going out nearly every five seconds. This continued to the end.



Grade IX. Basketball Team

The score of Grade XI. slowly crept up, until at the end of the game, the total score was 28-22, in XI's favor. Grade XI. will next play Grade IX; the latter is now playing against Grade X., the score in games being 1 all.

THE FINALS

The first game in the finals of the Inter-Class Basketball Games was played on Friday, March 14, between Grades XI. and IX. There were three periods.

Enthusiastic spectators cheered the players again and again. The score at the end of the first period was 18-4 in favour of Grade IX.

In the second period Verna Henning of Grade IX. made a basket on a free shot, bringing the score at the end of the second period to 27-6.

The third period was more exciting. Grade XI. did some good guarding and Grade IX. only scored one basket, making the total score 29-6 in favour of Grade IX.

It was a very exciting and interesting game. Grade XI. put up a good fight, and although Grade IX. won this game they were not so confident about the second.

Miss Foster and most of the upper school were present. Miss Fairbairn refereed the first and third periods and Miss Tingley refereed the second.

—Sally Coyne, Grade IX.

SI J'ETAIS RICHE

Si j'étais riche, je dirais à la personne fatiguée qui travaille péniblement, fidèlement à son occupation: "Allez, voici le billet au pays de vos rêves; voyagez-y et aidez vos semblables."

Encore, si j'étais riche je ferais bâtir une grande maison à la campagne où les petits enfants pourraient jouer en été. Il y aurait un grand jardin avec beaucoup de jolies fleurs, d'arbres, et quelques étangs. Il y aurait aussi des poneys, de petits chiens, et des chatons.

—Jean McLean,
Grade XI.

THE LIBRARY CLUB

One day it was suggested that every other Friday afternoon the Grade XI's and XII's meet together with Miss Mackereth and Miss Ford to read aloud plays or interesting story books.

The reading of the first play, "The Rivals," an English play of Sheridan, caused much fun and enjoyment.

After another meeting it was suggested that we toast marshmallows over the fire in the summer-house. So some of us brought tins of marshmallows to the next meeting and we toasted them on long sticks. Then we ate and ate until some of us didn't know whether or not we would be able to follow a straight and narrow course homewards.

At another delightful meeting Miss Mackereth invited us to afternoon tea in the office with Miss Ford and Miss Cross. We had a lovely time. That day it seemed that springtime itself was present with us despite the cold and snow outside, for on the desk there was the sweetest crocus bravely lifting its dainty head, months before its wild cousins dared to show their furry stems on the prairies. After we had had tea and had read, Dorothy McGavin was elected president and then we went home.

At the next meeting "The Rivals" was completed and Jean Macpher-son presented the first books to the "Library Club."

"The Rivals" finished, the next play chosen was "Nothing but the Truth" which provides parts for all members of the club.

—Jean McLean.

TO A SHIP

O, stately ship as there you lie,
With a tall mast at your head,
You rage, you rock and roar and roll
On the ocean, your stormy bed.

The seagulls are flying about you;
You carry your flags round the world.
O ship, you are so stately
With all those flags unfurled.

O, tell me where you came from,
Where you have been and why—
For your black smoke, white deck and
engine
Attract me, as there you lie.

But at your mast's head I see,
A flag from a splendid country;
O now I know where you come from,
and why
The Union Jack you so proudly fly.

—Mary Bull,
Grade IX.



The Glee Club

THE GLEE CLUB

At the opening of school two Glee Clubs, a Junior and a Senior, were formed under the direction of Mrs. Dempsey.

In December the Junior Club gave a charming pageant portraying the story of the birth of Jesus.

Part I.—“THE STAR.”

Songs and Carols: “Holy Night.”

“Three Kings.”

“O Little Town of Bethlehem”.

Part II.—“THE SHEPHERDS.”

“While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night”.

“Hark the Herald Angels Sing”.

Part III.—“THE MANGER”.

“Away in a Manger”Kindergarten

“Hush my Child, Lie Still and Slumber”.....Gwen Ramsay

“O Come All ye Faithful”.

The pageant was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

As Children’s Day Programme at the Women’s Musical Club, the Junior School presented the “Posy Bed.” The four little maidens who plant their garden were:

Moirá Coutts
Hope Rutherford
Isobel Hutcheson
Monica Cave
The Flowers:

Pussy Willow Betty MacKay
Daffodil Lady Edith Haig
Dandelion Josephine Craig
Crocus Betty Reid
Buttercup Eleanor Tucker
Violet Janet Turnbull
Sunflower Frances Teakles
Daisies Mabel Tanton, Marion Haig, Vivian Keeler

Other Characters:

King Pansy Claudia Barton
Poppy Lady Betty Rose Eager
A Page Betty Newcombe
The Goose Girl Gwen Ramsay
Butterflies Gwen Bowers, Catherine Jeffries,
Dossie MacLean, Shirley Stewart, Jane Ellis

Trees:

Katherine Hall
Mary McLean
Leith Counsell
Jane Montgomery
Ruth Wood
Ruth Baldry
Marna Kenny
Nancy Morgan

THE GLEE CLUB

This being our first year at Riverbend School, we are very proud of our Girls' Glee Club for having won the Chief Justice Wallbridge Shield in the Musical Festival.

Our only competitor was Rupert's Land College, who, came quite close to us in the finals, gaining 164, while we had 171 marks. The competition songs were "Old Mother MacIntosh," by Rowley, and "Song of the Minutes," by Felix White, both of which were approved of by the judges. Much time was spent in learning these pieces, and the girls willingly gave up some of their recesses and part of the study hours to practise the Festival music. The accompanist was Helen Richardson.

We are grateful to Mrs. Nina Dempsey for her carefulness and patience in training the Glee Club, and we very much appreciate the help she has given us.

The winning choir included—Elsa Lehmann, Margaret McKeag, Beth Kennedy, Muriel Neilson, Betty McHattie, Muriel Scott, Dorothy Young, Mary McLean, Marjorie Johnson, Ruth McDonald, Sally Coyne, and Ruth McFarlane, who were the first sopranos. The second sopranos were Jean Macpherson, Betty Parton, Dorothy Cooper, Irene Cooper, Verna Henning, Margaret Keith, Vere Mason, Kay Young, Jean Laing and Dorothea Tait. The alto section consisted of Mary Bull, Roberta Lee, Dorothy Creelman, Dorothy Cameron, Dorothy McGavin, Dolly Gray, Shelagh Cooney and Marion Hitchings.

—Muriel Neilson, Riverbend School, Grade X.

"THE WINDOW"

When the trees were losing their leaves we could look out and see two bright red trees.

Then Jack Frost came and took our pretty trees away, but soon it was just as nice because he painted them all with hoar frost. Soon the snow began to fall and made a lovely white blanket for all the little trees and flowers.

Then one day the snow began to go and now we look out and see the ice on the river going down.

—Gwen Bowers, Grade IV.

SPRING TIME

Spring time is here,
Spring time is here,
Oh! what a jolly good time.
With a whoop and a cry,
Let no person sigh,
Spring time is here to-day.

—Jane Ellis,
Grade IV.

RIVERBEND versus RUPERT'S LAND

Every one was excited, because the return game against Rupert's Land was being played off.

The game was being played in three ten minute periods, Miss Tingley refereeing for the first period. First period, Pat Blair (Riverbend), played jump against Phyllis Webb. The first basket, scored by Norah Whitley, for Rupert's Land, was quickly followed by one for Riverbend, made by Verna Henning. The first period ended with a score of 12-2 in favor of Rupert's Land.

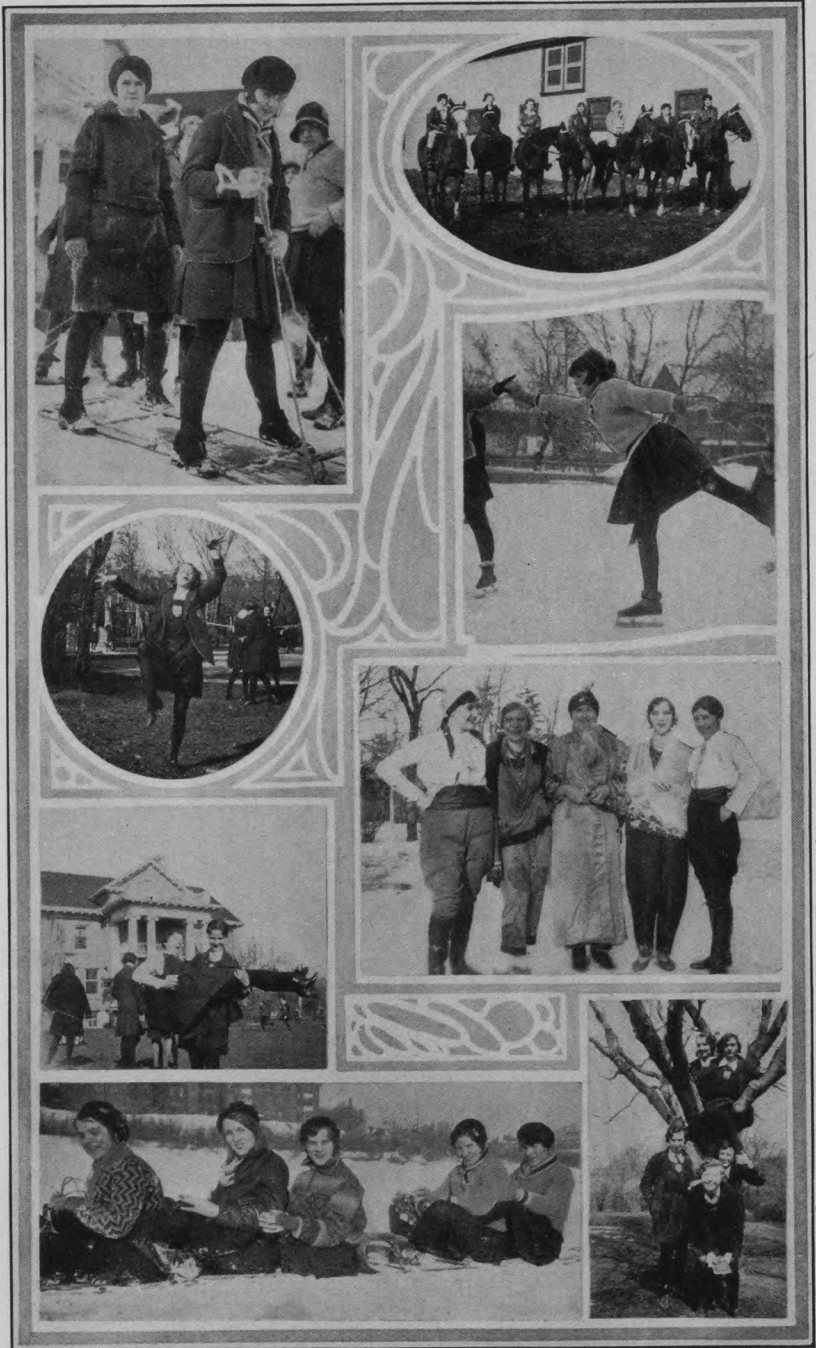
In the second period, Miss Welsh refereed. Dorothy McGavin played jump this period, Kay Young playing defence in place of Jean Laing, our captain. Rupert's Land scored a great many baskets, mostly due to Audrey Garland, who had by this time, accustomed herself to our baskets. Dorothy Davidson played forward, instead of Vera Mason, one of our steadiest players. Audrey Garland was given a free shot, and scored. The second period ended with a score of 27-14.

During the third and last period, Miss Tingley refereed. Our only changes were Vera playing forward instead of Verna Henning and Jean Laing playing defence in place of Audrey Ross. Dorothy McGavin played a particularly fine game. The game ended with a score of 45-22 in favor of Rupert's Land girls, who certainly deserved the rousing cheers given them.

—Pat Henderson.



The Riverbend Basketball Team, 1930



FRENCH CLUB

If you should come to Riverbend some Friday when the afternoon was half spent you would see the usual chattering throng wending its way from the dining-room to the next seat of action—study rooms. But in addition another group could be seen going in the opposite direction with books already under arms. These, you might be told, are the first French Club. Across the badminton court they pass, enter behind the little trelliced screen, swing open the squeaky back-door and charge down the back stairs. Arriving at the bottom, they are once more in the dining-room—but a dining-room greatly changed from the one they had just left. All sign of milk and biscuits has been whisked away, tables have been pushed aside and chairs brought out and ranged about the sides, leaving in the middle a little clearing most suggestive of a stage. Books are promptly deposited and everyone sets about moving furniture and shouting directions, while in the midst of everything “Mademoiselle” buzzes about beaming brightly upon everybody.

Finally they are all assembled, the door is closed and English is forgotten. If you have been admitted to the meeting (which is not at all impossible, for the French Club is most hospitable), you will see for yourself and enjoy for yourself the fun found there.

We begin by lifting our voices to the strains of “O Canada”—but not the good old familiar one—oh no—all songs are sung in French. When this is over we settle ourselves comfortably in our seats and prepare to enter upon the programme and entertainment proper. Perhaps the visiting artist is a budding elocutionist borrowed for the occasion from the Grade VI. room upstairs, or a group of Grade I. midgets, to sing and dance to the tune “Sur Le Pont d’Avignon” or “Savez-vous Planter les Choux.” All effort is greatly appreciated and applauded roundly. From this we proceed to meatier entertainment provided by our own members. Perchance it is Margaret Evans telling us of “Les Trois Ours” or Audrey Ross of “La Petite Tortue,” or some member of Grade X. reciting a sugar-coated pill of wisdom in the shape of a fable from La Fontaine. Following upon these smaller items comes the “pièce de résistance,” usually a funny playlet acted by one of the senior rooms. And so the programme ends. We then all decide what is to come next; perhaps, more songs and games with tooth-picks and forfeits, or a grand spelling match, or again French newspapers with cross-word puzzles to solve.

Five o’clock comes spinning round, we arise to sing La Marseillaise and so closes the afternoon. Once more the books are remembered and are bundled under arms and trotted off in every direction as we depart for the week-end with the sound of French still strong in our ears. Some of the more ambitious among us even make efforts to “parler français” all the way home!

Those who did not meet today belong to the second French Club which meets just two weeks later.

Both French Clubs have elected two officers, President and Secretary. In the first club these are Margaret Evans and Elinore Ketchen and in the second Elsa Lehmann and Kathleen Young.

Shortly before Easter a combined meeting of both clubs was held in the upper dining-room with the office as platform. Several visitors were invited and the entire upper school and staff were present. For this reason we made special efforts with the programme which was full and varied and progressed in graded steps from the kindergarten's "A la Queue," to a "bergerette" by a Grade XI. shepherdess in costume. Three members of Grade IX. took part, Pat Henderson and Sally Coyne in a one act comedy and Dot Young playing a piano solo, while Grade X. quite outdid itself in the production of La Grand Tragédie de la Barbe Bleue complete with costumes, sounds and imagined scenery!

—Elsa Lehmann, Grade X.

APRIL

April, April, go away,
We don't want you,
We want May.
April has so many showers,
We don't like them,
We like flowers.

May has birds and busy bees,
Lots of leaves upon the trees.
April, April, go away,
We don't want you,
We want May.

—Joyce Johnson,
Grade I.

LITTLE SONG

Oh Wind! Oh Wind! You are very
strong,
You have howled and whistled all day
long,
And the sunshine has sent no lovely ray
To light the sky from its dreary grey.

Oh Wind! Oh Wind! that is so strong,
Oh Wind that blows the clouds along,
Softly blow,
Quietly go,
Over the seas where the boatmen row.

—Eleanor Tucker,
Grade VII.

SPRING

The world's full of joy,
There's spring in the air.
The maiden and boy
Are quick like the hare,

And their movements are lithe,
As well as so blithe
That they sing—
For spring's on the wing.

—Helen Leonard,
Grade VIII.

POEME

Il y a une petite fille,
Avec un chapeau rouge.
Elle dit a sa petite soeur,
"Venez a la grande pelouse."

Elles restent sur les herbes vertes,
Et elles voient le grand chateau,
Les portes du chateau sont rouges,
La couleur de son chapeau.

—Constance O'Grady,
Grade VII.

AT MIDNIGHT

The clock struck twelve,
It was time for the ball,
The dolls arrayed in finery
Climbed down from the wall.

The dolls chose their partners,
And while music played,
They circled and two-stepped
Up and down on parade.

The little French doll,
In a dress of yellow gold,
Did a waltz-promenade
With her soldier so bold.

The clock struck one!
The ball was at a close,
Each doll to its place
Hurried on tiptoes.

—Ruth Macdonald,
Grade X.

CHRISTMAS EVE

It was Christmas Eve. What excitement lingered over the world! What eager longing for the morrow!

The down-town streets were brightly aglow with lights of many colors. On the quiet residential streets there were the usual wreaths in the windows and Christmas trees in the front gardens.

Everywhere the Christmas spirit was awake, from the miserable homes of the poor to the beautiful mansions of the more fortunate.

The little ragged urchins had long since departed to sleep—their tiny stockings hanging limply at the foot of the bed—to dream of the treats awaiting them to-morrow.

In the more beautifully adorned nurseries on the other side of the town, lay other children, dreaming also of Christmas Day.

Downstairs in the lovely drawing-rooms, their parents were arranging the parcels beneath the tree. The last finishing touches were being added to it by the older children. At last it was done!

"Turn on the lights and let us see it," was the eager cry. A mere push of the button or a turn of a knob and the tree was a glowing flame of light in the vast duskiess of the room. The beautiful star on the top, the silvery tinsel and the dainty ornaments shone with infinite lustre.

As the hours sped away there was a bustle to fill the stockings and to do the numerous other things that must be completed by morning.

On the morrow what excitement there would be! What happiness! Even in the homes of the poor, the crippled, or the blind, the same feeling filled all hearts. It was Christmas Day.

—Audrey Ross, Grade IX.

A CHRISTMAS SCENE

It is so cold today, but the feeling of warmth and happiness within me melts the icy blast—for I am going home!

From the top of this frost-crustured hill I can look down and see my native village, sunk in a bed of snow. Here and there a lonely chimney sticks its head through the heavy white blanket. The clear sparkling windows shine in the sun and rattle in the wind.

Within the cottagers' homes the big open fires send forth a mellow glow of light and warmth. All is still and quiet but I can almost hear the children's merry voices ringing through my house squealing with delight and surprise at their small gifts, for it is Christmas morning.

—Muriel Beth Gourley, Grade IX.

UN INCIDENT DE LA RUE

Un jour quand je marche a l'école je vois une automobile noire qui va très vite. Elle va vers un petit garçon. Je dis :

—Attention ! attention, mon garçon.

Il n'entend pas et il traverse la route devant l'automobile. Il est écrasé par cette automobile. Je cours vers le garçon avec l'homme qui est descendu de l'automobile. Mais le garçon ne s'est pas fait mal. Je suis très content.

—Audrey Ross,
Grade IX.

MY HOUSE

I have a house,
A wee tiny house,
Right in the corner of the garden.
No one lives there
But the birds of the air,
In my small little house in the garden.

There is one little creature,
A small brown mouse,
Who lives in a corner of the garden.
He visits my lair,
When the birds aren't there—
The wee small mouse of our garden.

—Muriel Beth Gourley,
Grade IX.

MY DREAM

Last night I dreamed a dream
Of many little things,
Of golden butterflies,
And little elfin kings.

Some butterflies were yellow,
Some butterflies were green,
But all were quick and willing
To serve their little queen.

The queen she sat upon
A little seat of fluff,
Which naughty butterflies
Had stolen from a muff.

The little elfin kings,
The dragon flies would ride,
They had a golden sword
Tied at each little side.

When butterflies and fairies,
Had all begun to dance,
My little baby sister,
On top of me would prance!

—Constance O'Grady,
Grade VII.

TOYS

The battered toys lay
In sad disarray,
Toss'd by chubby hands,
Now resting from play.

When the clock chimed twelve,
There arose from two shelves
A jumping jack, a dancing dolly,
A teddy-bear and a grinning "golly."

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy,
Played tug-o'-war with a piece of candy.
Ten tin soldiers in shining array
Lay down their guns and started to play.

A red flannel cat,
By the doll cradle sat;
Watching the merriment
In blissful content.

A big toy lion,
Jumped to the floor,
Frightening the merrymakers
With a ferocious roar.

Pierrot and Pierrette,
Sang a duet,
Followed by a charming dance,
Holding their audience
In attentive trance.

The clock struck one,
Their play was done,
And one by one to their shelves they
crept,
And dozing quickly off, they slept.

—Gloria Stuart,
Grade X

THE GARDEN**A "Name" Alphabet**

G is a garden which my poem is about.
 R is for roses so pretty and sweet,
 A is for apples so juicy and big.
 C is for canteloupe so mellow and sweet.
 E is for eating fruits of all kinds.

M is for marigolds all neat and a-blow.
 c is for cucumbers all green on the ground.

C is also for carrots so deep in the ground.

U is a funny letter to be used as a word.
 R is for rain which makes a garden grow.

D is for dahlias so stately and tall.

Y is for young ones, who play among the flowers.

—Grace McCurdy,
 Grade VII.

LOVE OF FORD

Be there a Ford with engine dead
 Whose owner never to herself hath said
 You are my own—Worse luck!

Be there a Ford with battery burned
 Whose steering wheel will not be turned,
 Whose lights are either bust or dim,
 Whose windows are dirty—without,
 within,

Whose horn has long since become a croak,

Whose battery partly went up in smoke,
 And it's all been paid for—Worse luck!

If such there be—go, mark her well;
 For her no proud chest is seen to swell;
 Low though her price, proud her name (?)

Limitless her number, as all can claim
 Despite her body being tin to the core
 In a couple of years she'll be no more—
 Worse luck!

—Muriel Neilson,
 Grade X.

THE WIND

Who has not seen the gay-colored leaves in the autumn being tossed helter-skelter by the restless wind? Round and round they whirl as if propelled by fairy wings. Then as noiselessly and gradually they glide to earth again, quiet, hushed, lifeless—but only for a second's time—then again the wind hurls them upwards in another gay twirl of vivacity.

Who, having heard the wind outside some cold November night, does not snuggle down closer in the covers thankful not to be outside? The wind vents its fury on some loose shutter that clatters in its struggle before it gives way, with a ripping heave, to the prevalence of the wind. How malignant the wind sounds, as it whistles round the corners of houses or down narrow alley-ways, giving utterance to its wrath.

What a capricious sight are the sparkling, twinkling little snowflakes being tossed by the wind on a frosty January morning! What a tingle on one's cheeks as the wind dashes the sharp crystals before it, leaving a series of white waves behind!

What is so disheartening as the rain driven by a turbulent wind in March; or the fight for one's hat and the swirl of a skirt as they are lifted by the demon of the wind?

What is so rare as the perfume of apple or peach blossoms in the spring-time, from some distant orchard, coming on the wings of the wind? Or the sweet smell of clover in a nearby meadow which delivers up its sweet incense to the gentle breeze often following a light shower?

In the heat of the summer perhaps, the wind is at the same time both cruellest and kindest; for on hot days it sometimes brings further scorching heat from tropical lands; but when in a bountiful mood it brings wilting nature cool refreshment.

—Evelyn Hay, Grade XI.

AN AUTUMN PARTY

Oh what is so grand as a day in fall,
When the leaves two and two are off
to the ball?
The gentlemen in brown are solemnly
attired,
While the ladies are clad in colors
admired,
And decreed by Dame Fashion.

So the leaves had a party, such was
seen ne'er before,
The sky for their roof and on the great
forest floor,
They danced and they danced,
'Till it seemed all too soon
They went fast flitting home by the
light of the moon.

—Phyllis Fahrni,
Grade X.

UN COUP DE VENT

Une femme se précipitè dans la shoppe d'une modiste et dit a la modiste:

"Bon jour, madame. Un coup de vent vient de m'enlever mon chapeau, et je n'ai que quelques minutes avant le départ de mon train. Il faut faire quelque chose!"

Elle trouve un chapeau qu'elle aime et se précipite hors de la shoppe. Elle ne paye pas la modiste, mais elle part dans un nuage de poussière.

—Muriel B. Gourley,
Grade IX.

MY NAME

J is for joy, our girls know it too,
A is for all things Riverbenders do.
N is for novels we read of the best,
E is for emblem or in other words, crest,
T is for time-tables which neatly we
write.

T is for tongues, we use them all right!
U is for unison, we work in it always.

R is for Riverbend, where our days are
like holidays.

N is for napkin which we use at the
table,

B is for bell—we obey it when able.

U is for uniform containing a blouse,

L is for loyalty, and keeping our vows.

L is for lament at this rambling odd
"L."

—Janet Turnbull,
Grade VII.

A DREAM

One night as I lay in bed,
I heard a sound above my head
And into my room came a little man;
I asked his name, he answered "Pan."
He said "Would you like to come away
with me
Over the land and over the sea?"

I answered "Oh I'd love to go with you,
And may I bring my little doll too?"
"Yes, but hurry and put on your coat,"
And then away we went in a tiny wee
boat.

Away we sped, up, up in the sky,
Then all of a sudden we landed.

Oh! my!

What a lovely sight we did see—
Little butterflies and a bumble bee.

Then there were fairies so happy and
gay,

And little elves all busy at play.

The lovely moon came out in a big
bright beam,

But all of a sudden I woke,—'twas a
dream.

—Edith Haig,
Grade VII.

GRADES ONE, TWO AND THREE

Our Room.—Our room is a pretty room. It has two windows; one faces the north and one the east. In the morning the sun comes streaming through the east window. We have a lovely view. We can look into our beautiful garden. We can see the river and also the Osborne bridge with the street cars, motor cars and people passing to and fro. On the windows are pretty curtains of blue and orange. The walls are tinted pale yellow and the wood work is painted ivory. In one corner is an ivory book-case full of interesting books. On the top shelf of this there is a blue and ivory candlestick with a tall blue candle. There is also a blue vase and other ornaments. Above the book case is our bulletin board, usually filled with paintings, drawings and freehand cutting done by the children of this room. Our desks are movable and look very nice because they are new.

—Patricia Graham.

Our Work.—Of all the five days of school each week I think I like Friday the best. On that day we have our arithmetic in games. We play a game called "Over the Line," another called "Write It Down," and one called "Rub It Out." They are all fun. When spelling time comes we have oral spelling instead of our regular written spelling and we have it as a game. For reading we have dramatization from cards instead of reading from books. We also enjoy reciting the verses we have learnt and bringing our dolls to visit.

—Mary Betty Lowe.

Special Days.—On special days we always make special things suited to the day. On Hallowe'en we made Jack-o-Lanterns. On Armistice Day we made red poppies in memory of the soldiers who were killed in the war. For Thanksgiving Day we drew pumpkins and turkeys. Christmas was a busy time. We all made presents to take home. Some made calendars, others made cornucopias or candy boxes.

We also gave a Pageant called the "Birth of Christ." Most of our parents came to see it and all said they enjoyed it. On Valentine Day we had a jolly time. We each made two valentines and posted them in our own mail box. We chose mail men to deliver them. Everybody got some and each person found a chocolate heart amongst their mail. We guessed where that came from. Grade I. made book marks for Easter with little yellow chickens on them, and Grades II. and III. made Easter posters. We are all looking forward to an egg-hunt which we are going to have on the last day of school. We have made little baskets to hold the eggs we hope to find.

—Margaret Graban.

Our Play Time.—We get through with our hard work in the morning and we spend most of our afternoons out of doors. Sometimes we have a library hour before we go out. We have a lovely place to play in. In the winter we used to toboggan, and some used to ski or skate. The little children from the Kindergarten had a Christmas Tree for the birds. They

got cranberries, bread crumbs and suet. They put these into little baskets and hung them on a tree for the birds to eat. Now that spring has come we like to skip but we play many other games. We all think we are lucky to have such beautiful grounds to play in.

—Elizabeth Hunter.



The Council, 1930

Weneen McDonald
Merren Kavaner

Margaret Evans
Isabelle Hill (Head Girl)

Elsa Lehmann
Constance O'Grady

Mary Bull

H.M. SHIP "GRADE VIII"

The Good ship "Grade VIII" is skilfully guided into calm seas by our worthy Captain, Miss Mackereth, assisted by Ona Dix, second-in-command. Her crew consists of ten ready-for-work sailors.

By the help of captain and crew Her Majesty's (Miss Foster's) ship has passed through peaceful seas—with the exception of a few stormy days, and several bumps on the reef of "Grade VIII. Excuses."

Far ahead clouds are forming and soon we shall be fighting the high billows of "June Exams," but owing to the good work during the year we all hope to pass through this rough sea unscathed and sail safely into the harbour of "Summer Holidays."

The crew is looking forward with keen anticipation to embarking in September in the good ship "Grade IX."

—Edwina Peacock, Garde VIII.

GRADE NINE CLASS REPORT

Everyone knows Grade IX., either through the teachers with whom we are favorites (?) or from the class displayed within it.

Electing officers for the first year is generally a rather difficult task, especially as we did not know each other very well, but we could not have chosen better had we been Socrates himself (Miss Fairbairn will be pleased to see that we know a little Greek History).

Our presidency is in the capable hands of Mary Bull and when she is absent Dolly Gray takes her place as vice-president. Dorothy Young is our secretary-treasurer. We thought she would get us the most for our money. Miss Amies is our class teacher.

In sports we excel as may be seen by the school basket-ball cup which resplendently adorns our mantelpiece. Our class owes this honor to Dorothy Davidson, Verna Henning, Dolly Gray, Audrey Ross, Mary Bull and Peggy Reid. Our room is also represented on the school team by Dorothy Davidson, Verna Henning and Audrey Ross. There is some talk of inter-class baseball—so just watch us step out in that. Robin Hood may have pulled a good bow but he has nothing on us in the line of archery.

We have had some social activities and presented a charade of the word "Education" at the party given by Grade VII., VIII. and IX. for X., XI. and XII.

Although we have not as yet formed a debating society we can not refrain from mentioning our victory over Grade X. in our first attempt at oratory.

Muriel Beth: "My brother is the strongest man in the city."

Bullie: "How so?"

Muriel Beth: "He thought he was going to be late for 'U' this morning so he ate his breakfast and *tore* up the street."

Maclean—"And he shot the lion in his pyjamas!"

Davidson—"Gosh, how'd it get there?"

Extra

Marion O'Grady talked in class.

Marion Hitchings arrived in time for after-noon Science class.

Shelagh Cooney grew *bangs*.

GRADE X. ALPHABET

- A Assorted and many, we number
nineteen,
Very hard workers as you've no doubt
seen.
- B Beth never asks questions in History
—oh no!
Just "Who was the grand-dad of
King So-and-So?"
- C Charming Gloria, our artist so gay,
Draws us pictures the livelong day.
- D Dorothy Cooper, a doctor's daughter,
She studies more than she really
oughter.
- E Elaborate uniforms with medals and
pins on,
Are the joy of Roberta our class
mathematician.
- F "Fanny," our visitor, comes twice a
week,
Her object is knowledge in History
to seek.
- G Good-natured Creelman gives all her
chums
Her milk and her biscuits and
keeps only the crumbs.
- H Hot-dogs and popcorn prove excel-
lent bait,
And a flourishing business is done at
the gate.
- I Industrious Betty is head of the
school;
Just mark her delight in every new
rule!
- J Jovial Elinore does never complain;
The sound of her laughter is a com-
mon refrain.
- K Kay Young, poetic, athletic, industri-
ous,
For prowess in study and sport she's
illustrious.
- L Learned professor, never free from
a cold
In whose classes of more than just
Scripture we're told.
- M Margaret Wilson seems most at her
ease
When her school tunic is far from
her knees.
- N Noisy old Leney sits way in the
corner,
Thinking her curls so sweetly adorn
her.
- O Oh, Muriel Scott, so meek and so
mild,
She doesn't say much but she's quite
a nice child.
- P President Elsa is in sad disgrace,
Her egg slipped and fell full in
Shelagh's bright face!
- Q Quintessence of modesty, artistic
and airy,
We appreciate Char. though she
visits us rarely.
- R Ruth MacDonald, we oft call "fat"
Because she is so far from that.
- S Synthetic humorist is Muriel Neilson,
No matter the cause her laughter
just peels on.
- T Tireless Pat Blair, part Irish I ween,
Archery expert and basket-ball
fien(d).
- U Unusually brilliant is Dot Cameron's
hair,
The mark of musicianship is un-
doubtedly there.
- V Vere is a girl who plays for the
team.
She goes to her studies with zest
really keen.
- W Well meaning Phyllis with Fahrni
behind
Has the school-girl complexion you
don't often find.
- Lo! X, Y and Z, is the end of our song
And all those portrayed here to Grade
X. do belong.

OFT-HEARD SAYINGS IN GRADE X.

Vera M.—“I don't quite see ——.”

Pat B.—“I've got an idea!”

Beth Kennedy—“Why ——?”

Elsa L.—“Pooh! How about some fresh air?”

Muriel Scott—Deep silence.

Class—“Betty, what's the homework?”

From the silence of Algebra period comes a voice:

Leney—“Oh, I can't understand this!”

Miss Ford (helpfully)—“What can't you understand?”

Leney—“Everytime I try to write these cuff links get in my way!”

Mademoiselle (coming into class room): “Comment allez-vous aujourd'hui mes élèves?”

Grade X. (in chorus): “Très bien merci. Et vous?”

Mademoiselle (beginning lesson): “Quel age avez-vous Muriel?”

Muriel (absently): “J'ai quinze ans. Et vous?”

Miss M. (dictating spelling): “Can anyone give me an English word derived from the Latin root ‘necto-nexum—I tie’?”

Kay Young (brightly): “Necktie!”

MOONLIGHT

I wonder what the moon thinks,
Intimate friend of every star,
Filling up all the empty chinks
With its moonbeams from afar.

I wonder what the moon thinks
As it sends its beams of light,
Down on Egypt's far-famed Sphinx,
Far on to the waiting night.

Down to spy on Eiffel tower,
In the very heart of France,
Down to every unnamed bower
And it sends to all, romance.

—Elinore Ketchen,
Grade X.

THE STUDY OF AN OYSTER

I was walking along by the bend in the Assiniboine River when I heard the mighty waters roar, and lo and behold—A She Oyster! Because it raised such a commotion I undertook to tame it. As I was picking it up I saw Professor Kierstead across the river fishing for soles.

To understand the whole one must understand the part, so I decided I would diagnose it.

When the oyster was opened the motive and developing force was found to be the Evans Thyroid Gland, situated in the centre front, easily visible on account of its size.

The McGavin ligament was found to be deficient in geometrical juices but this type of ligament is highly efficient for making piano strings. (Pat. 1930—Riverbend).

I was now determined to make a more detailed study of the intricate parts and I found the pupil in the eye of the oyster to be Jean McLean.

Continuing my search from the head to the thorax, I found few things of interest until I pried open the lungs and a melodious French lullaby issued forth, strangely reminiscent of one recently chanted by Evelyn Hay.

The Tummy was Tommy under disguise and though she digested quantities she never gave the oyster a pain.

I then turned my attention to an altogether different study and farther back I found the Laing ball and sock-it joint which controls all the other ball and sock-it joints.

The muscles around this joint seemed to be in perfect condition from a recent combat with some from the order of Gradus Ninus.

One day this double valved shell-fish fell on the floor and as I stooped to pick it up I was mightily astonished to see it elude my grasping fingers with an agility I had not believed possible. A great question was raised in my mind. What caused the creature to behave in such an odd manner? Then I discovered the amazing truth—Brev was the wiggle in the oyster—too small to be seen save under a microscope.

I always kept the oyster separate and apart from the rest of my studies because I was so much interested in it. One day however, I noticed it making as much commotion as before I had begun to tame it. Therefore I brought it downstairs to be with the more subdued species.

There was about the whole creature a delectable odour of freshness and all who came in contact with it commented on its qualities of endurance and solidity. I am sure it is the only one of its kind.

—Grade XI.

A NIGHTMARE

| | |
|--|---|
| One night I had a nightmare, and I really ought to tell, | For Dot McGavin in England, did step on the Queen's toes. |
| How in my dreams I saw each former Riverbend belle. | Jean McLean in studied negligence upon many farms, |
| Margaret Evans as a chorus girl I shortly did espy, | Tied ribbons round the cow's necks when she led them to their barns. |
| With a grim set smile upon her lips, and the words, "To do or die." | Riverbend for gym mistress a great per- son had obtained, |
| Marion giving lessons, (I really was quite shocked) | Jean Laing, who in calisthenics and dancing was famed, |
| Upon the beauty of long hair, but her secrets she kept locked. | Margaret Macdonald in state on the hearth rug sat, |
| Among assistants many, who were dressed in grey and blue, | Teaching little kindergartens not to tease the cat. |
| Was Weeneen Macdonald selling pow- der, (hush!) rouge too! | The cheerful Margaret Brown shows great talent and promise, |
| Our be-spectacled Mary at Oxford, in cap and black gown, | In a new book on "Latin" first published in St. Thomas. |
| Taught English that was noted as far as London town. | The tall opera singer, Evelyn, and small Jean her able teacher, |
| I then saw Jean Robertson, chemistry to heathens teaching, | Had followed me far to show their new feature. |
| She read aloud to Chinamen, while for a switch she was reaching. | As I withdrew in haste from the vast city's roar, |
| Alas for her instruction and her proud Riverbend pose, | "Crying for the Carolines" was softly sung at my door. |

—Isabelle Hill,
Grade XII.

THREE SEASONS OF THE YEAR

In autumn when the corn is brown,
All the world is beautiful.
Then fall the leaves from autumn trees,
In yellow, red and gold.

In winter when the snow is falling,
All the trees are bare.
Jack Frost paints our window panes,
Pictures beautiful and rare.

Spring is here! Spring is here!
All the birds are coming back,
Sunny days and gentle showers,
Soon we'll see the pretty flowers.

—Jane Ellis,
Grade IV.

GRADE XII. TABLE SPEAKS

Little thought I as I waved in the breeze
That into the blue room I would be
squeezed,
As a table for Grade Twelve.

At the first of the term my members
were six,
But upon one day my eyes were fixed
On a newcomer to Twelve.

Jean had a birthday upon one day,
I heard rumours that without delay
A party there'd be for Twelves.

There were scalding tears on my surface
dropped,
For an absent member—"Oh, unhappy
our lot
When Margaret is gone from Twelve."

With quaking legs I heard Weneen
say,
"Does arsenic leave traces, Teacher, I
pray?"
Alas for the girls in Twelve!

I have marked with never ending
wonder,
Marion's hair grows long, from under
The bobby-pins of Twelve.

In geometry class there was a call,
Between my dignified legs did fall
The long-haired girl of Twelve.

On my battle-scarred front, pictures are
drawn,
Equations, trees and vistas of lawn
By the teachers of Grade Twelve.

But when June days come around,
And from Miss Foster's care they
bound—
There'll be no girls in Twelve.

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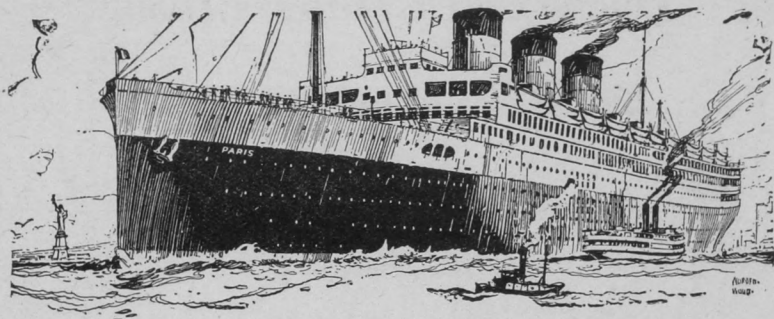
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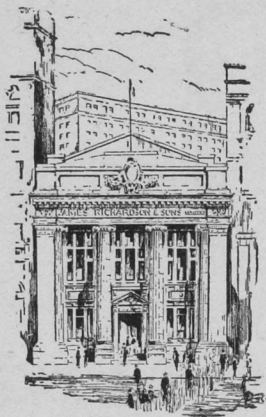


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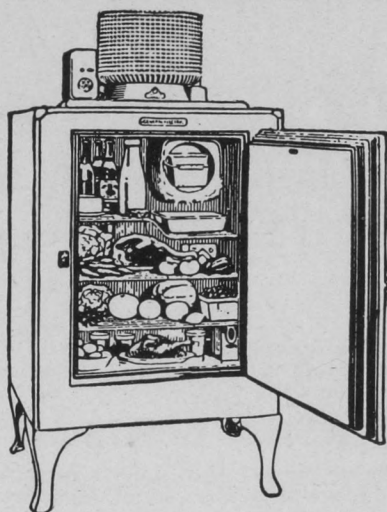
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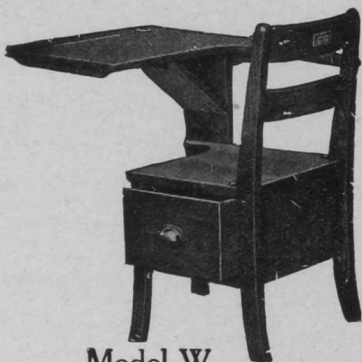
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